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Thank you, Erin Hunter

[image]

Thank you, Erin Hunter,

For without your heart-warming series, none of this would have been possible.

Allegiances

[image]

T H U N D E R C L A N

Leader

Bluestar- blue-gray she-cat, tinged with silver around her muzzle

Deputy

Fireheart- handsome ginger tom
Apprentice, Cloudpaw

Medicine Cat

Cinderpelt- dark gray she-cat

Warriors (toms and she-cats without kits)

Whitestorm- big white tom
Apprentice, Brightpaw

Darkstripe- sleek black-and-gray tabby tom
Apprentice, Fernpaw

Frostfur- beautiful white coat and blue eyes

Brindleface- pretty tabby

Longtail- pale tabby tom with dark black stripes
Apprentice, Swiftpaw

Mousefur- small dusky brown she-cat
Apprentice, Thornpaw

Brackenfur- golden brown tabby tom

Dustpelt- dark brown tabby tom

Apprentice, Ashpaw

Sandstorm- pale ginger she-cat

Apprentices (more than six moons old, in training to become warriors)

Swiftpaw- black-and-white tom

Cloudpaw- long-haired white tom

Brightpaw- she-cat, white with ginger splotches

Thornpaw- golden brown tabby tom

Fernpaw- pale gray (with darker flecks) she-cat, pale green eyes

Ashpaw- pale gray (with darker flecks) tom, dark blue eyes

Queens (she-cats expecting or nursing kits)

Goldenflower- pale ginger coat

Speckletail- pale tabby, and the oldest nursery queen

Willowpelt- very pale gray she-cat with unusual blue eyes

Elders (former warriors and queens, now retired)

One-Eye- pale gray she-cat, the oldest she-cat in ThunderClan, virtually blind and deaf

Smallear- gray tom with very small ears, the oldest tom in ThunderClan

Dappletail- once-pretty tortoiseshell she-cat with a lovely dappled coat

S H A D O W C L A N

Leader

Tigerstar- big dark brown tabby tom with unusually long front

claws, formerly of ThunderClan

Deputy

Blackfoot- large white tom with huge jet-black paws, formerly a rogue cat

Medicine Cat

Runningnose- small gray-and-white tom

Warriors

Oakfur- small brown tom

Littlecloud- very small tabby tom

Darkflower- black she-cat

Boulder- silver tabby tom, formerly a rogue car

Russetfur- dark ginger she-cat, formerly a rogue cat
Apprentice, Cedarpaw

Jaggedtooth- huge tabby tom, formerly a rogue cat
Apprentice, Rowanpaw

Queens

Tallpoppy- long-legged light brown tabby she-cat

W I N D C L A N

Leader

Tallstar- black-and-white tom with a very long tail

Deputy

Deadfoot- black tom with a twisted paw

Medicine Cat

Barkface- short-tailed brown tom

Warriors

Mudclaw- mottled dark brown tom

Webfoot- dark gray tabby tom

Tornear- tabby tom

Tawnyfur- golden brown she-cat

Onewhisker- brown tabby tom
Apprentice, Gorsepaw

Runningbrook- light gray she-cat

Queens

Ashfoot- gray queen

Morningflower- tortoiseshell queen

Whitetail- small white she-cat

R I V E R C L A N

Leader

Crookedstar- huge light-colored tabby with a twisted jaw

Deputy

Leopardfur- unusually spotted golden tabby she-cat

Medicine Cat

Mudfur- long-haired light brown tom

Warriors

Blackclaw- smoky black tom

Heavystep- thickest tabby tom
Apprentice, Dawnpaw

Stonefur- gray tom with battle-scarred ears

Mistyfoot- gray she-cat with blue eyes

Shadepelt- very dark gray she-cat

Loudbelly- dark brown tom

Graystripe- long-haired gray tom, formerly of ThunderClan

Queens

Mosspelt- tortoiseshell she-cat

Elders

Graypool- dark gray she-cat

CATS OUTSIDE CLANS

Barely- black-and-white tom that lives on a farm close to the forest

Ravenpaw- sleek black cat who lives on the farm with Barely

Princess- light brown tabby with a distinctive white chest and paws; a kittypet

Smudge- plump black-and-white kittypet who lives in a house at the edge of the forest

CHAPTER 1

[image]

Brightpaw looked out at the forest at the edge of camp outside of the elders den, her Clanmate, Swiftpaw, right beside her. She felt the back of her neck fur prickling with anxiety, feeling as if a thousand eyes were watching her from behind. What they were doing, felt as wrong as hunting prey in another Clan's territory, but there was a little voice deep down that told the she-cat it would all be good at the end. They'll be known for season cycles and season cycles to come, known for their courage, for their bravery... *For their warrior at heart.*

Ever since Brightpaw was just a kit, she loved the the thought of bravery, and inner beauty of a battle. To fight, and protect for what was right. And what was right was the warrior code. Brightpaw always wanted to live by it, and never break it once, even as the youthful and innocent kit that she was. As the she-cat glanced over at her brother, her chest tightened as she saw the determination in his eyes. He was ready, and even if she wanted to, there was no way Swiftpaw would allow Brightpaw to back out.

As he mentioned earlier, Swiftpaw's plan was to go to Snakerocks, and find out what had been eating the prey there. Since everyone was still clueless on the subject, Brightpaw and Swiftpaw agreed to sneak out on their own to Snakerocks, and solve the dilema. With the pair of apprentices' logic, they thought, with solving a case as big and as important as that, Bluestar would have to let them be warriors. She would stop looking down at them, as if they had no qualities, or standards, and instead, thought of them as brave and heroic warriors. They'd gain respect and recognition from the rest of the Clan, and, that was exactly all Brightpaw wanted.

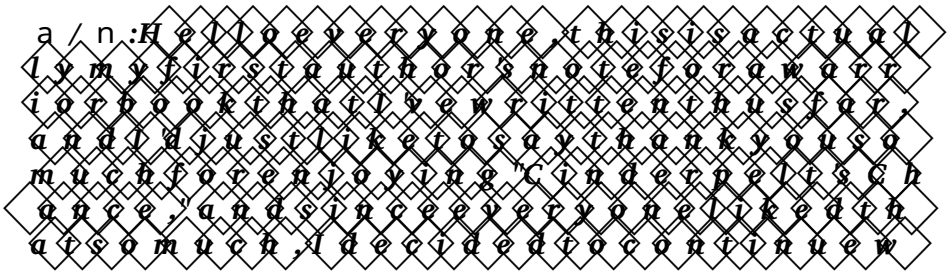
Yet, the she-cat's paws trembled beneath her, Brightpaw was ready. The she-cat gave a stern nod, taking a pawstep forward. The coast was clear, no cat was watching. Most of the other warriors were asleep, a couple standing outside, keeping guard. Swiftpaw eyed Brightpaw carefully, trying to detect any fear that the she-cat was radiating off. But alas, thank StarClan, he didn't pick up anything, and lead the way out of camp with the flick of his tail. Brightpaw followed, swiftly keeping up with her friend.

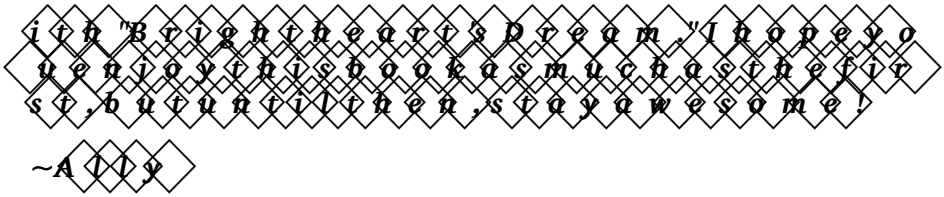
The forest air was fresh and crisp, the lush grass cool and soft against her pawpads as she followed Swiftpaw. "Swiftpaw..." Brightpaw began, staring at the back of the tom's head. He flicked his ears in silence, intending the fact that he was listening. "How do you even know the way to Snakerocks anyways? Whitestorm always said that-"

"I explored once by myself," Swiftpaw meowed proudly, raising his tail proudly. He halted, allowing me to catch up to him. I fell into pawstep with him, the silence overdwelling our travel.

When we arrived, it was quiet, just like the rest of the forest. Not a single thing moved, and Brightpaw couldnt pick up a single trace of living things, besides herself and Swiftpaw. "So... Where is the culprit?" the she-cat awkwardly said, glancing around. As the two cats padded around the territory, the silence was starting to get to Brightpaw. And that's when a low growl caught the she-cat's eardrums.

"Pack, pack. Kill, kill..."




ith "Brightheart's Dream." I hope you enjoy this book as much as the first, but until then, stay awesome!
~Ally

CHAPTER 2

[image]

"Pack, pack... Kill, kill..." The snarls rang in Brightpaw's ears, not giving her another moment to analyze what they were coming from and what they meant. Swiftpaw scampered a few tail-lengths from me, jumping over a fallen tree trunk. "Be careful!" the she-cat whisper-hissed, watching her Clanmate's clumsy reactions, following him. "It's alright! No one's here anyways-"

Suddenly, silver claws gripped around Swiftpaw's throat, cutting his thoughts off. Brightpaw let out a gasp as she caught sight of a dog choking Swiftpaw, its foul stench clinging to her nostrils. Brightpaw wanted to go home, turn tail and leave Snakerocks behind, but she refused to leave Swiftpaw behind as well.

The apprentice stayed frozen in shock, watching Swiftpaw wrenching in the canine's grip. He struggled to break free, but alas, the monstrous creature shook the small tom as if he was just a dead squirrel, a piece of prey in the jaws of death. Once the dog seemed satisfied, it threw Swiftpaw harshly to the side, his limp body hitting against a rock. Brightpaw stood there a few foxlengths away, my breath hitched and ragged. Relief washed over her as she saw the tom struggle to his paws, blood pouring out from his wounds. Brightpaw dashed over to Swiftpaw to assist him up, until the she-cat saw the dog came crawling back to them, it's teeth bared, and eyes gleaming.

Brightpaw's blood rushed through her ears, muting out all other sound in the forest. *It'll be alright,* the she-cat thought to herself. *There's just one of them, and two of us.*

But, as if on cue, a huge range of snarling creatures, just like the first dog that had appeared. They were all snarling the same phrases. *"Pack, pack... Kill, kill..."*

It was the same phrases that Brightpaw had heard before, before any of this mess began in the first place. The she-cat stiffened in

fear, waiting for the huge and bulky creatures.

And then they sprang.

As instinct told me, Brightpaw dashed forward and slid under the nearest dog, digging her claws into its soft underbelly. She kept clinging on tight, as she heard Swiftpaw yowling and crying loudly as he fought off a good number of canines. Soon, the wind was knocked out of Brightpaw's lungs, and she hit the ground. Her eyes filled with blood, losing control of her sense of direction. After several heartbeats of yowls, snarls and hisses, I felt something shake me loose, and suddenly everything went black.

Authors note: just an apology for not updating like i should. I have a lot of planning going on for different books, including this one. Anyways I hope you enjoyed!